

Student Review

BYU's Unofficial Magazine

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Provo, Utah

September 21, 1988

BYU Releases Professor for Religious Beliefs

Scholar Dismissed

by Stirling Adams

A BYU professor recently lost his teaching position because of his religious beliefs. David P. Wright, an assistant professor of Hebrew and near Eastern languages, was not allowed to continue teaching at BYU because his views and scholarly approach to scripture is, in the university's view, too divergent from the belief system of the church.

Wright was informed of the university's decision in May of this year. At that time, he was given the option of resigning or receiving a letter of termination. Wright says he chose the latter option so that other faculty members and potential BYU employees would know exactly what their beliefs must be to retain BYU employment.

He subsequently received a letter of termination from the office of BYU's Provost and Academic Vice President, Jae Ballif. In order to give Wright time to find other employment, he has been allowed to teach through fall and winter of this school year. The letter cites the following as the specific reasons for the University's decision:

1. Wright's view that the Book of Mormon is a nineteenth century work of scripture rather than a translation of a document from Ancient America.

2. His belief that prophets of the Old Testament spoke mainly to the people of their

time and probably did not have in mind events far into the future.

3. Wright's historical-critical approach used in his study of the Bible, which examines scriptural works under the assumption that they were produced by man, and is skeptical of the historical accuracy of Biblical events.

According to Jae Ballif, the first reason cited was the most important issue in Wright's dismissal. He says Wright's beliefs concerning the Book of Mormon are in opposition with the fundamental belief structure of the Mormon Church.

Ballif says that BYU is a "special institution with a special mission," and that after "much thought, careful prayer and review, David Wright's beliefs were found to be inconsistent with the mission of this university."

For at least a year prior to Wright's dismissal, some controversy existed concerning Wright's teaching. Todd Britsch, dean of the College of Humanities, says complaints from some of Wright's students and from professors who had talked with students originated the examination of Wright's beliefs. According to Wright, Britsch called him in January of 1987 to discuss some of the complaints Britsch had received.

Other tensions had been created earlier with Wright's submission of a paper to BYU's Department of Religion for a Pearl of Great Price Symposium at the end of 1985. The paper suggested that the Moses and Abraham creation accounts are not translations from ancient documents, but are actually Joseph Smith's inspired solutions to problems found in the creation account of the Bible. More controversy followed Wright's presentation of a paper at the 1987 Sunstone symposium entitled "Historicity and Faith: A Personal View of the Meaning of Scripture."

Wright's beliefs became an issue in his three-year faculty review, which began in Fall of 1987. Normally, in this review, department, college, and university level committees discuss and evaluate a faculty member's advancement and progression as a professor.

If a faculty member is evaluated favorably, he or she is allowed to remain as a professor, and two years later, is given a "continuing faculty status" (BYU's version of tenure) review. The department and college review committees decided in Wright's favor, but the university committee came to no decision and put the matter into Ballif's hands.

Ballif explains that BYU professors are expected to excel in three major and overlapping areas of responsibility: University citizenship, teaching, and scholarship. A memorandum from Jeffrey Holland and Jae Ballif to the faculty discusses these three responsibilities, and explains how faculty are to practice university citizenship:

We must all live lives reflecting love of God and a commitment to righteousness. In addition, those of us who are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints must live lives of loyalty

see **Scholar Dismissed** on back page



A Personal Brush With the New Age

by Denise LaPerle

I worked at a day care center in my western Washington hometown over the summer. The kids were great; loving, trusting, eager to please and hungry for attention.

One Saturday night in July we had a staff party. We played a game which asked each player questions like "Define peace," and "Say something nice about the person to the left of you." Vicki, a quiet, middle-aged divorcee who taught the school's kindergarten class, received the question, "Tell something about yourself that the others in the room don't know." I would have said, "I cry when I'm alone watching soap operas." Vicki said something to the effect of, "I have ESP, I read auras, I'm into crystal healing, and I have been told that I will get into channeling someday."

That was the end of the game. It was also the beginning of my education on New Age.

At the party, Vicki proceeded to tell us of her personal background in "psychic phenomena," playing solitaire with a Ouija board as a child and knowing future occurrences before they came to be. These were her only supernatural experiences until she was transferred to Utah in 1983 on business, and because of the all-Mormon culture shock became involved with the women's chapter of the Chamber of Commerce as a support group. It started as a conscience-raising group, half of the women members of the church but in the process of leaving.

When the classes were finished, some of the women wanted to continue meeting, but decided they needed a focus of study, something to discuss when they met. Women's history and dream analysis were thought of as topics, but then someone of the group brought in some books on ESP study and psychic phenomenon, and the women became interested. Among other things, they studied auras, the light images a person projects. Each woman stood against a wall for the others to sit and practice reading her aura. The group progressed into crystal healing, where Vicki learned that a rock collection she had previously been inspired to put together contained the basic rock crystals necessary for the "healing" process.

"There is an underworld in Utah of witches and psychic phenomena," she said. "I ran into more fortune tellers and card readers in Salt Lake City than anywhere else."

Is Vicki into witchcraft? "No. Not really."

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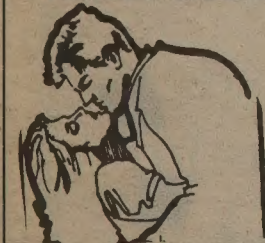
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Student Review

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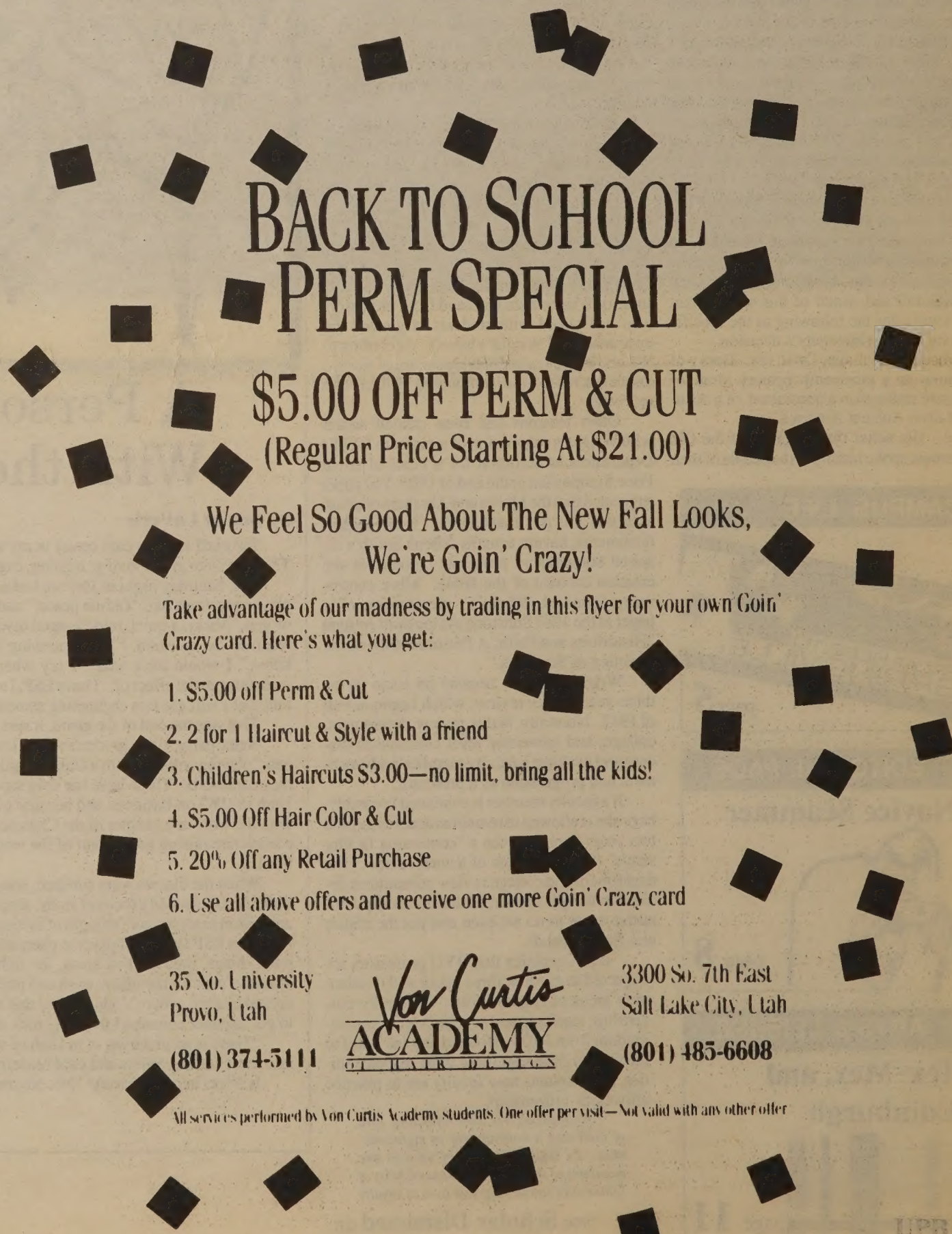
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An Evening in Tayiba: Abroad in Egypt

by Gary Burgess



They tell a joke about the area of the Nile Delta in which I taught English. They say that when the first trains began coming through the villages, the farmers were stopping the trains and inviting everyone for lunch. Not far off from the truth, an average evening in Tayiba tells part of the story about Egyptian hospitality.

Originally run, almost in its entirety, in the Middle East Times.

In the late afternoon on a hot day, Hasan and I walked the dirt road to his village, Tayiba. Classes were over for the day. On our right, a man and a dozen children stood in a line across a field of cotton, their backs bent. The man was in his underwear; the children were wearing the light cotton they slept in at night. Hasan explained to me in his slow English they were separating with their hands the seeds from the cotton.

"Is that right, Mr. Gary?"

"Yes, very good. 'They separate the seeds from the cotton.' Simple present."

Hasan's English was good because he'd been teaching the language in his village's elementary school for years. My student, Hasan, was taking me to his home.

"Sorry, Mr. Gary," Ahmed said as he caught up to us. Also a student, Ahmed apologized for talking to someone outside the school while Hasan and I walked to his village. Tayiba was his village too. I had seen it's tall minaret whitewashed with geometric shapes, impressive outside of Cairo, but I'd never actually been there.

There was a light wind from off the Mediterranean in our faces; farmers, *fellaheen*, were using the road to carry dirt and

seeds and straw on the backs of their donkeys. There was a canal running by the road, with waterwheels turned by donkeys walking in a circle, their eyes blinded with cloth.

Children swam naked in the grayish water, and we talked about the disease that children get from snails in the canals that makes them go blind. Water buffalos slept in the road.

Ahmed struggled on the way to tell me about his plans after he graduated from his university. He was twenty-four, six years younger than Hasan, and didn't have his career. But he came from a family with land and could always stay in Tayiba. He had a few *feddan* of grape vines, and later their ripening caused him to stop going to classes. He needed to work his fields in the day, and guard them at night.

But that day I listened carefully to his sentences, tried to make sense of them, repeated them back to him in the way I thought he intended to say them, but I was usually wrong. He kept apologizing for his English.

"I am sorry. My English very bad."

We walked by his nephew working in the fields and he ran to us, bringing cucumbers. Then another student who gets excited about grammar in class and stands up and raises his voice, rode up on Hasan's bicycle from Tayiba.

"No, you ride it, I did last time," I said. He walked the bike beside us.

After a few kilometers of walking slowly and cooling off, Hasan led me behind the school to his mud brick home. The room quickly filled with some of Hasan's friends and family: four Ahmeds, two Muhammeds, and an Ali. Hasan's uncle walked in, slim and weathered with the callous on his forehead they call 'the raisin.' Hasan's uncle, and the many others who have the 'raisin' get it from praying five times a day in the mosque, from hitting their heads on the eastern rugs in the mosques.

Hasan proudly introduced his friends by the education they had completed, and I said 'very good,' knowing they understood. We looked at each other while the food was prepared. They all smiled at me, some politely who had seen foreigners before, others in wonder who had not. The proud looks they directed towards Hasan, my host, were the same as what I had seen from the villagers when walking through his village. The host receives the greater honor.

As I had been nursing my bottled water all that day, keeping my mouth wet so I could speak clearly to the classes, the soft drinks Hasan brought were welcome. They cleared my couch and invited me to sit back, giving their pillows to prop me up. They trained the fan on me.

Opening an anthropology text, I turned to the last pages where a man on the train that morning had given me a lesson in basic Arabic. I stumbled over the Arabic words for 'come with me,' 'too expensive,' 'family' and so on, realizing my mouth needed three or four tries to put the right sounds together.

As all the room understood and happily voiced my phrase or word for me, I would just as happily, exultantly, and loudly say the word again, this time correctly. Many would then clap their hands together or say things quickly to each other in Arabic.

The bread, yogurt, tomatoes, cheese, and hard-boiled eggs Hasan brought went quickly. Another friend, Muhammed, came in late and loudly found a chair. He started eating with great speed, dipping his bread into the several dishes on the table like the rest of us. He was a big and dark villager with all the buttons to his long tunic, his *gallebeya*, undone.

Hasan teased him about his appetite, and his hashish smoking. Digging and scratching deep within his *gallebeya*, Muhammed laughed and joked. The way his hair was combed, and how his face resembled the faces of men on billboards in Cairo that advertised current movies, let me know he was big in this village. He dropped

his head and sometimes blushed when he saw Hasan translating what they were saying about him to me. He smiled to his feet, then quickly ordered a boy to get more water. Then he slapped a man to give up his place on the couch next to me.

"Muhammed has a wife. She is from Tayiba. He has a boy, four years old."

Hasan wanted me to sleep after the meal, after the helba, an alfalfa tea thick with sugar. So he cleared his friends out, closed the window, turned up the fan, fixed my pillows, and latched the door.

When I awoke, the village was in the weak light before sundown. Many, many children were playing simple games in the hard earth streets; I could see their bare feet below their *gallebeyas*. Faces stared at me with dozens of flies nesting in their eyes, on their lips. Four girls screamed by on a donkey. The girl leading by a rope was going too fast, and the four of them landed, crying in the dirt behind me.

"We go for a walk now," Hasan said.

As we walked through the village, many ran up to us from behind and say 'hello' loudly, saluting me. Hasan chased them away with rocks, cursing them, embarrassed for me.

The women nursed their babies, dispassionately sitting in the street. They baked bread in a mud oven, or gossiped with other women. Some men smoked water pipes; some walked

down the streets holding hands, or arm in arm. Fellaheen came late from their fields carrying their hoes and leading their donkeys through the village. The pitch of the prayer call rose and fell around us and men knelt towards Mecca in the mosques we passed.

"Allahu Akbar! God is great!" the muezzin cried.

We stopped at a kiosk for some *asab*, a sugar cane drink. As I drank and felt it splash over what was already in my belly I knew I would be sick. The water in the *asab* was not from the



bottle. I did get sick, then we went out to see Ahmed in his fields. There were four of us, each putting his arm through another's when we had something to say.

Eventually we stopped to rest on some ground covered with straw. I layed down and saw the stars to be different in position. When I looked around I noticed everyone's shoes were off but mine and I knew we were in a mosque they use when working in the day. I was their guest, and they could not ask me to take my shoes off.

When I think about things now, those moments laying in the straw in the mosque, with a canal beyond my feet and the stars clear above and friends on either side of me were the best moments of the evening. It was in what was said and how it was said, that made the difference between what is here and what is there.

As an addendum to that evening, I went back late to Basaisa where I taught during the day, and they gave me mouthwash for my stomach—they were incredulous when I told them it would make my breath fresh, but that it wouldn't help my stomach any.

We did feel helpless now and then. The weight of culture and tradition that forced them to do such things as buy me gifts I knew they didn't have the money for, that led to feelings of helplessness—I'm sure on both our parts. But rarely did the language make us feel helpless. Instead what was said was counted more and a lot of the time seemed to make a great deal more sense.

Be watching for
future instalments of
Gary Burgess'
Traveling in Egypt
series in upcoming
issues of the *Review*

ISSUES AND AWARENESS

New Age from front page

Student Review can be found at the following locations

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After the staff party I did some research. I found that my experience with Vicki followed a current trend called the New Age movement. Part of the popularity of New Age ideas is encouraging individuals that they can be anything, and do anything they want. From my readings, it seems to me that the high divorce rate and fast-paced society of the 80's leave many seeking the support, encouragement and companionship as New Age provides.

But friendship is not all that comes to subscribers of New Age philosophies.

J.Z. Knight is the channel for Ramtha, a thirty-five-thousand-year-old entity. A channel, as she explains in an *Omni* magazine article, "is a person who learns to abdicate entirely his or her body, soul, and personality, allowing the entity or teacher to enter and use the channel's body as a tunnel for communication". Channeling requires the understanding that everyone is divine. As Knight explains it, the person who acknowledges his divine self "no longer echoes the truths, dogmas, and social consciousness of others but starts listening to his or her own opinions."

"Spiritual knowledge...peels away self-imposed limitations."—thus the attractive self-esteem lift that believers receive.

My research told that those who follow the New Age philosophies and practices are increasing, and their effects are being felt in the work force. A *Christianity Today* article published in June 1988 and entitled "Karma for Cash: A New Age for Workers" told stories of workers fired for refusing to participate in career training courses built

around New Age concepts. One former employee reported that his instructor told his class the real reason for the training was to save the world. Knight supports this in her article, claiming channeling "will put to rest the pages of history filled with war, hatred, inhumanity, bitterness and enslavement of the human mind." The companies they worked for included Boeing Co., Proctor & Gamble, and Firestone Tire and Rubber Co..

This is no small trend. Whether or not we believe in the philosophies is not the issue, rather how we deal with their inclusion in our own lives.

In my case, I initially waited for Vicki to lose her position because of mental instability (the bosses were at the party). When nothing happened, I had a hard time leaving children alone with Vicki. She had mentioned that she kept healing crystals in her pocket at work, and had given special calming crystals to hyper, out-of-control children to hold. What would that leave in the mind of an impressionable child? And was it safe to leave someone who considered herself a channeling candidate alone with children?

I don't know the answers to these. I do know that when asked what she wanted from this life (like most New Agers, Vicki believes she has lived past lives), she answered, "I want to be surrounded by love." Being at the day care, she said, with the love and caring going on, is what she needs. And whatever "powers" she receives, she prays that it will be given for her to do good.

Vicki is in Washington state, where J.Z. Knight's Ramtha has encouraged many followers to migrate. Ramtha warns listeners that among other things, economic depres-

sion, earthquakes and floods will dominate the future, but a move to the rural Northwest combined with keeping a garden and two-year food supply (sound familiar?) will ensure their safety. But the New Age movement is felt in many other places, including Utah.

Cosmic Aeroplane is a bookstore in Salt Lake which sell New Age books and materials. Owner Bruce Roberts considers the New Age term an all-encompassing phrase for a variety of subjects that were popular with his customers 15 years ago. Only recently has the New Age trend brought increased attention to such topics.

From a marketing standpoint Roberts is happy about the trend. His store is filled with New Age music (calming, meditative melodies); books on channeling, astrology, numerology, past lives, healing, good health (a New Age focus), and any topic imaginable that might be included or excluded from a traditional bookstore; and a large supply of crystals, which he describes as currently having enormous popularity.

In Robert's shop hang decorative crystals of various length, but it is the crystal jewelry he sells that most customers are interested in, he said. Dangling crystal earrings and sparkling pendants are on display, often with the crystal tucked beneath some precious stone significant to the healing process.

Is it a bunch of baloney, or are there "powers" involved with New Age, this growing trend and extreme method of self-development? And if it is real, there is the question of whether the source's intentions are good, as Vicki said she hopes.

What do most people know about who's watching their children? Maybe not enough.

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CAMPUS LIFE

From Here to Springville: The Saga begins

by J. R. Rodriguez and Colin Bay

Preface: Your writers, J. R. "Pokey" Rodriguez and Colin "Spanky" Bay, begin the bildungsroman of Bryce Middleton and his friends Wedge Freehold and Malvolia Sordida. Bryce is a freshman, recently returned from a Yiddish-speaking mission in Lincoln, Nebraska. He enjoys intramural female full-contact kung fu, German filmmakers, and words that rhyme with "Tooele," a place he considers home but, curiously, has never seen. Wedge and Malvolia are terrifyingly white and otherwise just plain goofy. This is their story and the story of their friends and of pretty much anyone who gets written about in it. But don't look for a moral, allusions to Goethe, or fancy metaphors; this is just a saga of life and love, hopes and dreams in the little city. We acknowledge that art makes no promises and hope that if our column can act as an impetus for you to annoy, inspire, or roll another human being, then you will be—as we are—happy.

Last week: Nothing yet, but a short summary of the previous week's story will always be included at the beginning of each new installment. Since this is the initial episode, we felt it might be interesting to recap our own activities this week. Colin began his week by receiving as a welcoming gift the new expurgated Bub Guccione Thesaurus from his fellow English faculty mem-

bers. He also found that his missionary brother in Philadelphia had taken all of Colin's Ratt and Ted Nugent T-shirts with him. J.R. took the opportunity to reread some classic novels in preparation for this column and found—much to his chagrin—that a) Lolita is not a sequel to Moby Dick and b) Terence Trent Darby is the illegitimate child of Mrs. Bennet in Pride and Prejudice. No wonder she acted so ditzy. Monday J.R. received a telegram from his mother and Colin's mother, both of whom are working on Prince's sound crew during his European tour: "Having fun. Rome is full of tourists. Get the new album—it kicks! And both of you, please, make sure you get enough fiber in your diets. Love, Moms." That's our advice to you, too.

Our story opens with Bryce and Malvolia standing at the edge of a crowd near the vending machines in the ESC. Two students in the center of the crowd were engaged in fisticuffs, alternating blows with criticism. "It was the most tacky, shameless, outdated performance I've ever seen," roared one male student, no schlemiel himself, nattily dressed in thin lapels and tight-ankled cuffs now threatening to unroll in the heat of the fight. His opponent, resplendent in her Gunny Sack dress and black patent leather purse, paused to bloody his nose before shrieking back, "You philistine! When it comes down to it, poise and courtesy are the only things that matter—without them, we'd all be just so

many animals, fighting in the street." Her last words were barely audible as a masterful leg sweep brought her crashing to the ground, along with two physics TA's. (They would later re-create the scene in class as a demonstration of angular momentum, though unable to find a Gunny Sack dress anywhere in the valley.)

Malvolia and Bryce walked sadly past the throng into the warm air surrounding the Kennedy Center. "Why do you think people get so upset over that pageant, Bryce? It's not as if anyone but a former Miss BYU herself would have anything at stake. Sometimes it almost makes me want to write a letter to the editor about the connection between swimsuits and the mission of BYU—but I can't think of any. Besides, that would make me as bad as those goyim in there."

"I know what you mean," lamented Bryce. "When I was in New Orleans for the Republican convention a few weeks ago, I kept hearing the same thing all the time. I was running a little concession for people who didn't want to be committed, selling bumper stickers that said, 'Bush/Quayle. They're candidates.' I just didn't want to stick my neck out, you know? Anyway, I couldn't get

past a row of chairs on the convention floor without hearing someone shout, 'Oh yeah? Well, I think we should *require* people to own handguns—at birth.' 'You stupid pantywaist moderates,' someone else would say, 'What good is that as long as property owners still have to pay income

tax? What with all these poor people running around in Cadillacs—well, you know what I mean.' Then five or six people with usher jackets would come sprinting down, looking over their shoulders for TV cameras until they shushed up the delegates. People just can't stop fighting."

Soon the conversation turned to other things, chiefly the new menu at Pewter's, whether Attila can slant rhyme with Tooele, and the problem of authorship in *Quiet Flows the Don*, until the two friends reached Malvolia's illegally parked bike. There they burned the ticket in a sober, moving ceremony, and sat for some time brooding over Marlon Brando's still-increasing weight. "Will he ever act again without darkness and a girdle?" they wondered, and so must we until next week.

Pokey and Spanky like women whose names rhyme with "oil-slick" and who like art that "bleeds."



I'm a Screw-up

by Darren Vance

Being 25 years old and a junior in college when I should be a first-year graduate student, I have come to the conclusion that as far as my collegiate advancement and class

scheduling is concerned, I'm a total screw-up. Strong language, but I've thought about it and it's true. So what caused me to even think about something like this? Simple. You see, this past summer I suffered a rather tragic experience. Some friends and I were at

Disneyland and we met up with this girl who was wearing a big ol' baggy sweatshirt with a giant "91" plastered on the front. Being stupid, we asked what the number stood for. In a perky voice that revealed her age, she replied, "That's the year I graduate from high school!" I nearly tossed my cookies. Why? Because that's the year of my ten-year reunion.

Yep, in two and a half short years I'll be at some overpriced hotel making goo-goo eyes at the girls I never dated in high school because they were too...oh, how people can change. I'll listen to stories about life at Berkeley and Stanford, and about how tough it is to live on \$45,000 a year straight out of college. They'll ask me how I'm doing and I can tell them about life as a grad student (hopefully) at...well, I'm leaving that open, but I have narrowed it down to whoever will accept me. No doubt I'll have baby pictures to show. Yeah, it's stupid to even worry about such things. I don't even know where the thought came from. Must've been the Actifed and Pepsi. But you know, I just don't care, because I've had a blast.

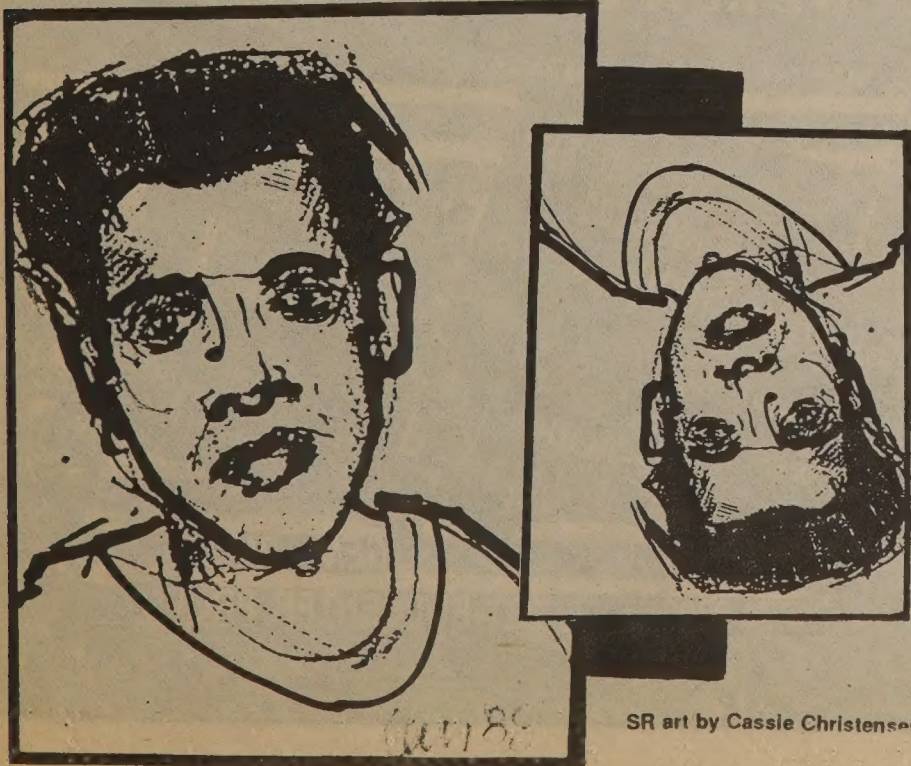
I don't want to file this thought away just yet, but wondering about ten-year reunions doesn't excite me. So, I decided to do a little pondering on this "screw-up" business. A

few questions come to mind. How did I become such a screw-up in the first place? How come I've had so much fun in the process? And would I have been better off in all respects if I had taken my previous college schedules somewhat more seriously? I'm not ignorant and I've never had a years vacation since mom tore me away from Captain Kangaroo so I could learn how to fingerpaint and ingest paste. Maybe I should take a look at where I could've been before I try to figure out how I got to where I am now.

Alright, as a kid, I gave the usual answers to the question, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" But I finally settled on veterinary medicine. Okay, that takes four years undergraduate work and then another four at a veterinary school. There are about 27 of these schools in the U.S. and it ain't easy to get in. That alone should be enough to cause a person to be pretty dang serious about his or her academic life. I want you to know that there was a time when I was just such a person. It must've been previous to my junior year in high school. Previous, that is, to slam dancing and bleached hair.

This was my plan: After four years at Los

see Screw-up on page 8



SR art by Cassie Christensen

CAMPUS LIFE

Eavesdroppings:

You would think that since I publish your most stupid vocal blunders weekly, that BYU would start to speak, perhaps, just a shade more quietly—sort of a process of natural selection. Maybe Evolution doesn't apply to Provo. Here's what the Eavesdropper heard this week.

2nd Floor JKHB, September 14, 4:14 pm
Inquisitive Student: "How did Harriet Beecher Stowe's church react to Uncle Tom's Cabin?"
On-the-Edge-Professor: "Well, she belonged to a congregationalist-type church—in other words, she didn't have Salt Lake to tell her to shut up."

320 E 100N, September 8, over breakfast
Realistic Roommate: "Yeah, they offered me the choice between Priesthood instructor or Activities Committee Chairperson. I decided on Activities because I realized I couldn't compete with J——'s sense of humor."

Fragment of letter found in ELWC Photo Studio, September 14, 3:27 p.m.
"...My favorite place to be is in your arms, feeling your love and knowing I'll be able to love you forever."
Since you've been gone, I've wandered around sad and depressed only finding comfort in chocolate chip cookies. Please come back."
P.S. Bring the milk.

Eager R.M.: ¿Dónde serviste la misión?
Señorita: No serví una misión. No soy Mormona.
R.M.: ¿Verdad?! ¿Cuánto sabes de la Iglesia?
Señorita: Ni una jota.
R.M.: Bueno. ¿Qué quisieras saber de ella?
Señorita: Ni una jota.

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Top 20

1. Blue Kool-Aid
2. The Foucalt Pendulum
3. The "Freedom Rock" Hippies
4. Colors Pour Homme
5. 11:00 church
6. BYU Info (378-4636)
7. Troy Long's interceptions
8. Food processors
9. "Manon of the Spring"
10. Inside jokes from the inside
11. Backpacks
12. Magritte
13. Sundance Sparklers
14. Robert Palmer's cloned women
15. Futons
16. Doc Martins
17. Sidelong glances
18. Beach cruisers
19. Aquariums
20. Fencing

Bottom 10

Blue eye shadow, 9:00 church, colored contacts, inside jokes from the outside, Divorce, Chihuahuas, Seeing old lovers with their new lovers, A black Yellowstone Park, No book exchange.

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The People Pack—or—Sidewalk Survival

by Celia Reeve

It's everywhere. No one can escape it. It's right here on campus. Every day it crowds the sidewalks, demanding every inch for itself, daring anyone to get in its way, and victimizing the innocent who don't watch their backs. No, it's not a horror story. It's worse. It's...the People Pack. What is this People Pack? It's a massive group of people of all different shapes and sizes cramped together, all rushing single mindedly down the sidewalks to their own private goals. It sticks together in one big clump and bulldozes its way down the open paths of campus. Although it is just one large unit, the People Pack is made up of several different segments. These are some of the different varieties you might chance upon:

The Walkers are the everyday folk. We trot along with the Pack, just trying to make it to class on time without getting run over. We clump together and survive as best we can. We are the vast majority. It is the extremists that you must watch out for.

The Shufflers are aptly named for their one distinguishing feature: They shuffle. I will be walking along with the Pack, hurrying to class, when a *Shuffler* will pull right in front of me. They will slowly amble along, haltingly putting one foot in front of the other, until the line of students trailing anxiously behind them are just sure the *Shuffler* is counting every solitary step. A *Walker* must watch out for these traps. It is a sure way to be late for class. If breathing down the *Shuffler's* neck (either figuratively or literally) elicits no satisfactory results, simply slyly step on the heel of the *Shuffler's* shoe and give him/her a flat. While the hapless *Shuffler* stops to repair its shoe, you can walk innocently by and be on your way to class in no time.

The Striders: Here's the other extreme. They stride down the sidewalks at an alarming speed, mercilessly trampling those who might be in their way. It can be a frightening experience to be run over by one of these long-legged *Striders*.

If you have a *Strider* trailing you, quickly step in front of a *Shuffler*. The death defying rate of the *Strider* and the incredibly slow rate of the *Shuffler* will cancel each other out as each tries to compensate for the other's extreme.

The Stoppers: Another suitably named group. A *Walker* will be casually strolling along, when suddenly a *Stopper* will come to a dead halt for no apparent reason. Everybody following the *Stopper* crashes and collides together in an effort to pull up, narrowly missing a fatal accident. The *Stoppers*, naturally, are completely unaware of the havoc they have created and will continue to do whatever it was that caused them to stop in the first place—like look at a cloud, or pick up a leaf. I'm afraid that I can offer no useful advice on avoiding the *Stoppers*. Generally, their brain processes stop at the same time as their feet. If it's cold outside, be kind and throw a blanket over the poor, potentially hypothermic *Stopper*, for it may well be there until the Spring thaw.

The Changers: This group is very like the *Stoppers*. They will be sauntering along at a moderate pace, seemingly minding their own business...then abruptly pirouette mid-step and charge right back through the Pack (no doubt, going back for a notebook or a sandwich), who uncomfortably tries to mold some sort of passage for the ungainly *Changer*, so as to avoid an otherwise nasty head-on collision. Unfortunately, *Changers* are usually so swift that they get away unchecked. If you do notice a *Changer* before the lethal collision happens, a slight "brush" of the shoulder, or poking of a sharp object (a ball-point pen, perhaps), may help them see the light-- and of course, a little "accidental" violence will do wonders in venting your own vexation.

The Human Wall: A common—and deadly—group is the "*Human Wall*." Just the other day I was blithely cruising to class, when suddenly, from nowhere...BAM! I was crushed between the pressing masses and a solid wall of living flesh. The Human Walls are people who, for whatever reason, have implanted themselves into the middle of a the sidewalk,

cheerfully carrying on a conversation while *Walker* after *Walker* scarcely escapes crashing into them. It is not pleasant to find yourself actually flattened against two complete strangers. I believe that someday, while wearing thick, padded clothes, I will walk, at the blinding rate of a *Strider*, into every *Human Wall* I see. Elimination by...well, elimination.

The Moving Chain: The frightening thing about the *Chain* is that it is really a *Shuffler* multiplied by about eight. Leisuredly, maliciously, the *Moving Chain* will dredge the sidewalk, shoulder to shoulder. Getting through the chain is impossible—they are tightly linked together and extend beyond the walkway onto the grass, so it is also impossible to go around them. Someday, in total frustration, I'm afraid I'll yell, "Red Rover! Red Rover!" and in a mad dash try to break through the *Chain*.

The Bikers: Not all of the People Pack are on foot. Indeed, the most deadly component of the entire Pack can be found on two raging wheels. They are...The *Bikers* (no, the ones with long hair, leather jackets, and spikes). *Bikers* are the impatient students who want to get from one place to another fast. And fast they go, precariously weaving their speed machines through the crowds at a velocity close to light speed. *Bikers* don't usually stay in a particular Pack. They speed from pack to pack, a perilous menace on fiery wheels. Avoid them at all costs. If however, you see one zooming right towards you, you have a choice: Dive, or stick an umbrella in the *Biker's* spokes. It's a question of gallantry.

They say that BYU is nothing like the real world. They're right—it's worse. Downtown New York only has to deal with millions of cars bearing down on one another. At least those people have some kind of protection. We here at BYU, on the other hand, must get up every morning, and with no more protection than our "BYU: National Champions" sweatshirts, face...The People Pack.



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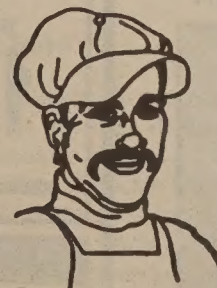
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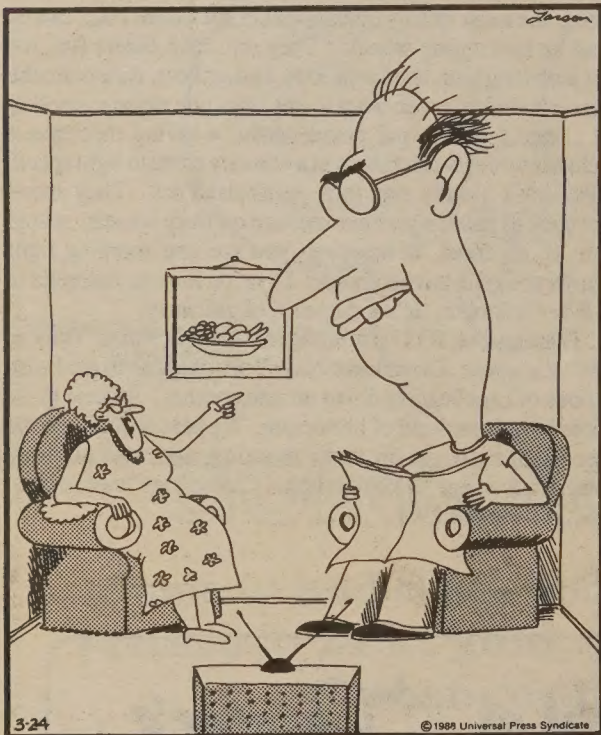
CAMPUS LIFE

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THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"OK, here it is: I'm sick of your face, Ned."

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"You moron! From a hundred yards back I was screaming, 'Hell-hole! Hell-hole!'"

Screw-up from page 5

Altos High School, complete with various extracurricular activities for a well-rounded personality, I would ace the ATC test but stay in Southern California and attend the local junior college. Of course, there were other options, such as cruising up to BYU, or over to Colorado State (as they have a vet school and had accepted me as an undergraduate). But, a junior college would be a nice preparatory step to university life, and home offered too much in the way of beaches, girls and money. (Hey, what else does a 17 year old look for?) After a year at the j.c. I would accept the inevitable call and go on a mission to Never-Never Land. Back home from the mish, I would no doubt come up to the ol' "Y" for the three remaining years of pre-vet stuff as that's where everyone else would be. Graduating from BYU with a degree in zoology, I'd be accepted at UC Davis and life would be wonderful.

Think about that now. How many of you made such plans in your youth? How many of you have stuck to them in an even reasonably close manner? Yech. So, four years high school, one year junior college, two years speaking Swahili (as it turned out, it was Finnish—same difference), three years at BYU and finally four years at a vet school. I also included being rich at 30, no marriage until after the first degree and no kids until I'm a practicing vet. Boy howdy, do things change or what? Hah! I'm not even close. For one thing, the last five out of six people who lived in my old apartment are now married. It was kind of like living in the Amityville house and I was the only sane person. No doubt marriage with kids is waiting in the wings for me along with the stroller derby at Food 4 Less, and soda crackers and water for dinner. Gag. Boredom.

Okay, let's get back to the beginning. All the ward members figured I would restore the Vances' reputation as decent parents (The restoration was needed, since the two brothers before me were the ones who would let butterflies loose during sacrament meetings and such). Rebellion came in my junior year at Los Altos. Dad told me to get my hair cut...so I did. He then asked me to let it grow out. So what if it was only half an inch long, bleached and stood up? I still wanted to continue my school work and I had a full-time job, so it wasn't like I was going to move into Mohawk Manor or anything. I just wanted to have fun—and the folks went

through hell in the process.

Despite my new-found interest in boots, ratty Levis and girls dressed scarier than I, I did graduate from high school. Following the original plan, I started up at MSAC Junior College a few months later, so did most of my class. We had a good time. We wore shorts and took such classes as Biology 15—Human Sexuality. However, still wanting to be a vet, I also took classes like Chemistry and Trigonometry. The only problem was that I took the "tri" in trig a little too seriously and ended up staying three years. Yep, on my way to professional studenthood. Did I have a job in my area of study? Nope. I was a valet parker at a Sheraton hotel outside of L.A. They liked me though, short hair and all. I mean, who would you rather have park your Jaguar, a trig student—or someone who reads *National Rag*? Well, I finally decided it was time to move on, so I came up to BYU and lived in a house affectionately known as "Wanger Manor." Hey, I just lived there, I didn't make up the names (It was my two brothers, again). Despite the house, I managed to study somewhat harder than at the j.c. and I even pulled an 'A' out of Calculus. Back at home during the summer of '85, my stake president cornered me and five months later I'm shopping for dark, conservative suits and making sure that I have my ten hankchiefs (We discovered those to be rather useful for polishing shoes).

And now I'm back, back at BYU. My hair is the same color and I seem to be slightly more serious in my studies. However, I still subscribe to two theories given to me by various family members. The first allows little, if any, boredom, and the second induces spontaneity. They are: (1) Party as hard as you work and work as hard as you party. (2) You can always retake a class, but you can never retake a party. Will these get you into Stanford? Not necessarily. Will you have fun? I have.

A few weeks ago, before school, we had a barbeque at my folks house (You know us Californians—if it moves, we slap it on the barbeque). Lots of relatives were over—including a younger cousin of mine. He walked out to the patio with bleached hair that stood straight up and a Johnny Rotten t-shirt. His mom, my father, and I were conversing in the kitchen, when she said that she'll "live through it." I had to smile as I put my arms around the both of them, looked my dad in the eye and said, "Yeah, ain't that right, dad? Parents do survive." Students do also.

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EDITORIAL

The Sexes:

Reflections of a Novice Scammer

by Douglass Duhva

Editor's Note: This article is the first in a series we will periodically run with the intent of furthering understanding of and between the sexes. Thoughtful submissions are more than welcome. Our address is P.O. Box 7092; Provo, Utah; 84602.

In traditional usage a scam is a fraud, hoax, scheme, or any type of deceitful stratagem. In the dating environment it means pretty much the same thing. Definitions vary, but generally scamming means the search for and pursuit of individuals of the opposite sex. This might sound fairly innocuous, but one should keep in mind that scamming is based primarily on outward appearance rather than on personality or character.

It is also most interesting that scam is used as a verb. I guess it is kind of like faith. Faith, as Mormons understand it, is a principle of action. Likewise, a scammer, if he is true to his principles, will transcend the static, faithless meaning of scamming (which is simply scoping out the potential material) and act upon his emotions. Hence, the true and faithful scammer will approach the scamee, and he will use all available devices in his power (be they cleverness, deceit, aggression, luck or revelation) to achieve his conquest.

As a newly returned missionary thrust and faithful scammer will approach the scamee, and he will use all available devices in his power (be they cleverness, deceit, aggression, luck or revelation) to achieve his conquest.

As a newly returned missionary thrust into a new and strange social scene, I tried to fight the scamming impulse for two reasons. First, there simply has to be a better way. I refuse to believe that the dating game is a divinely inspired system, although we are always hearing from the pulpit that males are ordained as the aggressors (scammers), while females must simply wait patiently to be scammed upon. We need to stop looking at women as conquests, as prizes to be won. A healthy relationship depends on friendship, respect and equality, all of which are ideals

hours or seen the anguish in my soul as that special someone gives me yet another look of utter indifference. I honestly believe that there needs to be more equality and respect between the sexes in dating (I think it is great when a woman takes a visible, overt interest in me!), but the greater truth is that I am enslaved by my insecurities.

In my mind, the ideal approach to making the eternal connection is to create many meaningful friendships with members of the opposite sex, take things casually, and trust that one day (I am certainly in no hurry), the right person will come along. Sounds great, huh? What a bunch of crock!! I have finally come to the conclusion that people don't just "come along" and things just don't "happen." There comes a time when emotions have to be laid on the line and risks taken. I have tried long and hard to fight the scamming impulse, but it is no use. I have succumbed. I have become a scammer.

Actually, one does not become a scammer instantaneously. There is no born-again experience. It is simply a long and painful evolution. Little by little I started picking up scamming tendencies. A dead giveaway that I had entered scamdom was that I found myself making frequent use of the microfiche schedules in the Wilkinson Center. At first I felt dirty, like some glandular teenager looking at *Cosmopolitan* in the grocery store. (I have always had the fear that one day I had entered scamdom was that I found myself making frequent use of the microfiche schedules in the Wilkinson Center. At first I felt dirty, like some glandular teenager looking at *Cosmopolitan* in the grocery store. (I have always had the fear that one day I would look up and standing there would be the woman whose schedule, address, and phone number I was busily copying from the microfiche; I will never understand why they don't put those machines in little private booths.) I do not usually use any of this information, but little by little I have become less bothered by the methods of the scammer.

I have tried to tell myself that scamming is beneath me. After all, I have such high principles. Principles, however, mean little when that gorgeous babe comes on the

scene—and I can't think of anything or anyone else. I am not attracted to any particular type. I like 'em thin and unthin, blonde and unblonde, tall and untall. I can't put my finger on it, but there is some-

thing that attracts me immediately to certain women. Is it so wrong that I would want to get to know someone to whom I am really attracted? Is scamming really all that bad? Do I have to give up my principles to have an active social life?

I don't know. And I am not sure if I care anymore. Let me illustrate with an example (this is risky). My major is one that is very male-intensive. Females of any sort, especially ones I am attracted to, are very rare. For me the classroom has never been a potential scamming ground. This semester, however, things suddenly changed. There she was: thin and tanned, with sad, dark eyes that ignited when she smiled—and she was in two of my classes! As I saw it, I had two options.



SR art by Doug Fakkel

I could either sit there all semester on my principles and on my fear, driving myself crazy, or I could move my butt and do something about it. Thus, the scam had begun.

I figured the best approach would be the straightforward one. I would simply catch her after class, try to start up a conversation, and ask her if she would be willing to go out with me. My approach at scamming is very honest, but the cold, calculated nature of it tends to go against romantic spontaneity. I dressed deliberately that morning (Polo shirt, cotton slacks and loafers). I shaved. I wore socks. But, alas, she was too quick. She scurried off towards the ASB, and I, too frightened for active pursuit, fell behind in despair.

But this was not to be my last attempt. A few days later I awoke determined to take fate into my own hands. It worked. We walked, talked, and I mustered forth every ounce of courage I had and asked her if she would go out with me. Without noticeable hesitation she said yes, and a few nights ago we had a very enjoyable dinner (at least from my perspective). Who knows what, if anything, will happen? She is far too attractive not to have plenty of other men in her life, but that is not the point. Whereas before she was simply a very pretty face in a couple of very unexciting classes, she is now a person whom I know and

really like.

I still believe that scamming is not ordained of God, but there is not much I can do to change the rules of this wicked game. However, I can set ground rules for myself which remind me that I still have principles. For instance:

- 1) Dating is not a battle, and I should strive to see not what I can win, but what I can share.
- 2) I am not in competition with anyone.
- 3) I should not try to sell myself; rather, I should try to be myself.
- 4) My feelings and the feelings of those with whom I date and associate are too fragile to be treated with anything but the upmost respect and honesty.

So, if you are a scamee approached by some guy whom you hardly know (we could reverse the gender roles here with little problem), remember that not all of us scammers are macho egotists seeking only to exploit you. Many of us scammers are tender-hearted souls—afraid, uncertain, frustrated with the rules we do not understand, and looking for an honest, caring, and lasting relationship. That obnoxious scammer in your life might just be the find of a lifetime.

A healthy relationship depends on friendship, respect and equality, all of which are ideals undermined by our present system.

undermined by our present system. Scamming breeds dishonesty and the temptation to toy with people's feelings. It immediately places people as foes instead of allies. Many couples break from the traditional roles to achieve true unity, but others never do.

The second reason why I have avoided scamming is simple: I am a wimp—not a wimp like George Bush is a wimp or Pee Wee Herman is a wimp, but simply a scamming wimp. In most areas of my life I am confident and happy, but when it comes to relations with that other gender, I cower with uncontrollable fear. Most people, including those I have dated, would never guess that this is true, but that is because they have not seen me pace the floor around the telephone for two



The Politics of Envy

by William Norman Grigg

Because he remains something of an unknown, Dan Quayle is this year's political Rorschach test: a puzzle that inspires a revealing response. Some see the young Vice Presidential hopeful as something of an epiphenomenon—the incarnation of our country's "uneasy truce with the 1960's" (which was, according to the popular conceit, a uniquely unsettling decade). Others see the flaxen-haired pol to be the ultimate media politician, Robert Redford on the stump. (Frankly, the Redford comparison eludes me; I see Quayle sharing a stronger resemblance with Woody Boyd, the baffled Indianan bartender on Cheers.)

There is a large and influential group that sees in Quayle the embodiment of "privilege." Since the first mention of Quayle's relatively risk-free service in the National Guard during Vietnam, many have taken up the refrain of "privilege," meaning that Quayle, a handsome, wealthy young man, has been visited kindly by fortune and that this somehow disqualifies him for the office he seeks. The charge has failed to stick to Quayle so far; nevertheless, the "privilege" charge is interesting, as it provides an insight into the politics of envy.

The politics of class envy is usually discussed under the rubric of "social justice." How does one define "social justice?" By example. A young man may understand the fundamentals of "social justice" as he is passed by a brain-dead Californian at the wheel of a Porsche, a comely young woman clinging to him. Rare indeed is the young man who wouldn't be inspired to exclaim, "If there were any justice in the world, that would be me." Similarly, those who are most exercised about "social justice" are indignant that wealth is unequally distributed in American society. Some of those thus agitated harbor feelings about the wealthy reminiscent of Evita Peron, who supposedly said that what annoyed her wasn't the fact that there are so many poor people in the world, but that there are so many who are rich.

In American politics, the Democratic party has long beatified the poor. A major Democratic theme in the 1980's has been that "the rich are getting richer, and the poor are getting poorer." (This assertion is rather problematic, given the fact that a recent report by the Council of Economic Advisers reveals that the Reagan-era recovery has dis-propor-

tionately benefitted Black and Hispanic Americans, many of whom have been among the poorest members of our society.) Michael Dukakis appears to be promising that in his version of a just economy, there would be unlimited, equally distributed economic growth—thereby eliminating unjust pockets of "privilege."

The thematic opposite of "privilege," according to the Democratic party, is "equality." During his keynote address at the 1984 Democratic Convention, Mario Cuomo uttered a phrase both fascinating and unsettling. Chastising the Republicans for their failure to support the Equal Rights Amendment, Cuomo declared that they were "unwilling to write into the constitution the simple phrase, 'thou shalt not sin against equality.'"

Granted, Cuomo was speaking about a specific issue, the ERA. Nevertheless, his declaration seems to issue from an ideological aversion to any form of inequality. Alas, under our chosen form of government, inequities are both inevitable and necessary. Madison, the most eloquent and influential of the Founding Fathers, maintained that different and unequal means of acquiring property (i.e., unequally distributed wealth) would yield factions. Such factions are necessary in order to provide opposing interests that would compensate for "the defect of better motives." In other words, inequities in wealth—and the factions that they create—are indispensable in creating the checks and balances necessary for a properly functioning American Republic. Our Constitution is, therefore, a substantial "Sin Against Equality."

So where does Quayle fit in? As a lightning rod for criticism from those who desire to further the politics of class resentment. Such an approach is neither new nor effective. At the turn of the century an observer noted that when the waves of class warfare reached America they broke "upon reefs of beefsteak and apple pie." The politics of class resentment have little appeal in a nation as deliriously free and indulgently wealthy as America. Time and time again our prosperity has saved us from Utopia.

There is a Republican approach to the politics of envy. Rather than wealth, conservatives have played another populist theme: the "government" or "elite" versus "the people." Ronald Reagan is the contemporary master of this approach; his most memorable

The American Language Controversy

by Eric Shulzke

The foreign names of a few of our nation's politicians, for example California's Governor Deukmejian, New York's Senator D'Amato, and Michigan's Congressman Vander Jagt reveal a wide cultural and ethnic diversity in America. Despite this diversity, a unity of language has been generally understood. Indeed, arguing that English should be our official language sounds like arguing that water is wet. It's true, but why waste your breath? But today vocal forces support a multilingual America, condemning opponents as "ethnocentric," "prejudiced," and "xenophobic." "The present monolingual, monocultural, Anglocentric public education system must be replaced by a multilingual, multicultural, pluralistic one," declared one professor. Thus an almost unknown language debate offers to become a major controversy of the next century.

To date, 14 states, including California have adopted English as their official language. The main champion of the official language movement is U.S. English, a group headed by noted semanticist and former U.S. Senator S.I. Hayakawa. An Asian immigrant himself, Hayakawa can hardly be accused of racism. He notes that three of the six members on his board are immigrants and all six speak

at least two languages. This is not a matter of ethnocentrism, says Hayakawa; the foreign-speakers themselves are hurt most in a multilingual America.

Multilingual societies seem to prove him right. When two or more languages share a society, one usually holds economic and social dominance over the others. In Latin American countries like Bolivia and Paraguay, those who cannot speak Spanish only marginally participate in society, living a life of hard labor and poverty.

Tragically, America appears to be moving in this direction. And it's not just a matter of prejudice. Many legitimate reasons for language-based employment exist. Large amounts of money and even human lives often depend upon communication—and communication requires a common language. Telling today's foreign speaking Americans that they needn't bother with English is condescending, misleading and injurious. The result is a permanent sub-society which cannot participate in law, academics, business, or other language-oriented professions. Many ethnic Americans readily agree. Richard Rodriguez, a prominent Hispanic author and son of Mexican immigrants, says: "Those who have the most to lose in bilingual America are the foreign speaking poor, who are being lured into a linguistic nursery." Concern for real people leading real lives points to economic realities, not anthropological fantasies.

Linguistic minorities are clearly victims of multilingualism, but the effect on the nation is even more dramatic. Without a shared language, common interests evaporate and

please see **Language** on page 11

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please see **Envy** on page 11

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

This letter is in reference to last week's article "A Warning to Freshmen."

As a freshman girl, I am concerned by the things you mentioned in your article. Having had my oldest brother go to BYU, I felt that I pretty much knew things weren't as "saintly" as they seem here. He happened to have the misfortune of living in a ward comprised of one of these so called service organizations. His apartment just happened to be a cheapo caught in the middle of a block of condos. He said he hated going to church because it was a fashion show and no spirituality to speak of. I'm telling you this because I hadn't considered myself to be as naive as a lot of other freshmen. Upon reading your article, though, I knew I was wrong.

It's hard for me to imagine that that kind of thing goes on at BYU. The university is supposed to be against frats and sororities. Don't they realize that these organizations are exactly that, with just a pacifying label of service? Are they private organizations and is the university unable to touch them? Something should be done.

I appreciate you sharing your experience. I think it's important that these "service" clubs be shown for what they really are. I made all my roommates read it and they were more shocked than I was. Thank you again.

—Beth Rowley

Dear Editor:

Hooray for Eric Wilson! He has said what I have always felt about the attitude we should have towards the scriptures. Too many of us feel that the scriptures should be light and easy. As a result, many do not get past 1 Nephi.

When members of the Church learn that I am studying filmmaking, most bring up the subject of making the Book of Mormon into a movie. Perhaps it will be done, I do not know. I do know that I would not be the author of such a project. The first reason why not, is its length. Cecil B. DeMille was said to have taken a page and a half out of the Bible and created a motion picture, usually a blockbuster. The second reason is the question of interpretation. One need only look at the recent fury over *The Last Temptation of Christ* to understand my concern about insulting somebody else's interpretation. The reason most closely in line with Mr. Wilson's article, is that such a film would take away the spirituality of the book. It was written under God's direction by His prophets. Only a prophet could even begin such a project.

But why should there be a movie for it, any way? When Steven Spielberg won the Irving Thalberg Award in 1988, he stressed the need for us to become a society that reads once again. Certainly that includes "the most correct book on earth."

I have nothing against the Hill Cumorah Pageant. I have attended the pageants at Manti and at Oakland. They were entertaining and produced an emotional response, the goal of any theatrical production. But if the Hollywood glitz is getting in the way of the secondary purpose of these pageants, i.e. a desire to read the Book Of Mormon, then either we ourselves or the pageants—or both—should be re-examined to find the fault.

—Quentin Decker

Language from page 10

society splinters. Numerous countries face such problems. Third world countries like New Guinea and Nigeria have adopted uniform languages to control century-old feuds. Bolivia and Paraguay have impoverished linguistic minorities. Even Canada nearly split apart when French Quebec sought separation. Recently the Canadian province of New Brunswick was ordered to form a linguistic rights commission and create affirmative action programs for francophone civil servants.

A multilingual society spared such problems is Switzerland, but her experience simply doesn't apply to ours. Switzerland, more than 1,000 years old, contains 28 small cantons, each dominated by one of four languages. French sections do business only in French and German sections only in German; they have limited contact with each other. U.S. immigration statistics demonstrate the difference between the Swiss and American experience. Every fifteen years the equivalent of Switzerland's entire population—over six million people—immigrates to the United States. These immigrants speak a staggering array of languages.

More sobering than Switzerland is Belgium, whose white, catholic citizens have everything in common—except language. Belgium originated in the 17th century when Protestant Holland threw off Spanish rule. Holland's Dutch-but-Catholic neighbors to the South stayed behind and joined with French Catholics to form modern Belgium. Two years ago the Belgian Prime Minister resigned and the government nearly collapsed as French and Flemish (Dutch) speakers clashed. The *New York Times* report the following: "Though on its surface these villages appear to be tranquil, everything and everyone is divided here. Between 1978 and 1981, language tensions ran so high that a ban had to be imposed on meetings of more than three people."

This was nothing new. Flemish separatists had earlier embraced the German occupation of 1914—a treachery which the French speakers never forgot. "For decades to come," writes an historian, "the linguistic controversy was to anger and divide the Belgian people to the point that on-lookers and Belgians alike would worry if there was, or is, indeed a Belgian nation." Remember: these people

have everything in common—except language.

Some might look at Belgium with detachment, but America doesn't have long to wait for her linguistic chaos. It's already begun. Two native-born, English-speaking women in Miami were recently rejected for office-cleaning jobs by a janitorial service company because they did not speak Spanish and would be unable to understand the Hispanic supervisors. A minor incident, perhaps, but a ominous precedent.

The crises in Belgium and Canada evolved over centuries, and our crisis, which Dr. Hayakawa hopes to prevent, may be years away for America. But the experts would prefer not to wait. *Newsweek* Columnist George Will sees only one solution. "One national language is a prerequisite for the sort of pluralism that is compatible with shared national identity," he says. And the time to act is now, before the crisis deepens.

There is, of course, no excuse for the suppression of other cultures. Bilingual citizens are an enriching and valuable addition to any society. People must be free to maintain their native culture and language within family and social circles. During World War I, some overly patriotic cities banned the use of German even in private conversation. Such intrusion has no place in a free society.

But a national language is needed in official contexts such as law and education. And government programs should speed linguistic integration—not prevent it. The idealism of the multilingualists is admirable, but the society they envision is absurd. It would only exploit and limit foreign speaking Americans and recreate the Canadian and Belgian nightmares on a much grander scale. Multi-lingualism is simply a lose-lose proposition.

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Envy from page 10

line during the 1980 campaign was "I want to get the government off the backs of the American people." Bush has taken a less strident approach to this theme, which in his case is wise. (How could a career government official like Bush win an election by assailing government as an oppressive institution?) Bush's approach has been to portray Dukakis as a member of the "effete elite"—a class of technocratic liberals conspiring to immerse our children in Secular Humanism (and turn them into people who drive Volvos and eat Bran Muffins, among other effete things). The Pledge of Allegiance issue has been Bush's most profitable tactic in establishing this theme.

Eventually, both parties get caught in their own class-envy traps. The Democratic party, the champion of the virtuous poor, has nominated Dukakis and Bentsen—neither of whom, as it has been pointed out, is exactly a horny-handed son of toil. The Republican who made anti-government rhetoric *de rigueur* for 1980's conservatism has rehabilitated government's image by enjoying a successful and popular presidency. Bush has admitted that he "doesn't hate government." An admirable first step. It's your turn, Duke: can you admit that there's nothing wrong with being rich?

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"Chief say, 'Someone ... here ... walk ... through ... buffalo ... field.'"

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ARTS & LEISURE

Tex-Mex in Edinburgh

by Steve Jackson

The city of Edinburgh had been good to me so far. The April sun had brought out all the beauty of Spring in Scotland. The Scottish people had been warm as well, offering helpful advice to a wandering American. Their thick accents made their words difficult to grasp, but their smiles smoothed over anything lost in the dialogue.

I had wandered through the old streets, circumnavigated the brooding castle, and shopped for wool sweaters up and down the Royal Mile, only to now find myself staring at a very strange and out-of-place building with a sign saying, "Tex-Mex, Authentic Mexican Food."

For those of you who have ever eaten food in Great Britain, whether it be at pub, restaurant, or bed and breakfast, you know that what awaits you might take some imagination to make it exciting. Not that beans are not a regular part of my diet, or toast; but to put the two together and call it breakfast, regardless of how quaint that stewed tomato looks next to it, is a breach of my culinary moral code.

Let me make myself perfectly clear: The food is bad. While the English have given the world the National Gallery, London Bridge, Parliament, and Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, and the Welsh produced the blackest of coal and cleverest of poets, and the Scottish the most wonderful tartans and the game of golf, Great Britain has painfully reduced itself to normalcy, in fact, downright boorishness when it comes to food.

For months my meals had been as medicine, taken with the grimacing comfort that what I was eating might be good for me. Eating was no longer a delight; it had become a survival tactic. My all too often disgust with British food was relieved by the one food item other than tea that the Brits can be proud of: chocolate. I ate enough Terry's dark chocolate orange bars to permanently ruin my teeth and complexion. I only ate food to fill a void. The chocolate was my reward for enduring.

So there I was, face-to-face with a potentially filling and rewarding meal. My olfactory memory kicked in and I remembered the aroma of those Cafe Pierpont Mexican food days back in the desert of Utah. I began to hallucinate about the quesadillas I used to make from scratch, topped off with some

guacamole and Pace picante sauce. I had pride when it came to Mexican food. I had challenged the waitress at La Casita in Moab to bring out the hottest salsa in the house. After some discussion in the kitchen, followed by the banging of pots and pans mixed with laughter, the waitress reappeared with a bowl of green chile "drain cleaner" that permanently cleared my sinuses. Eating Mexican was something I took seriously.

I felt a little funny going into the restaurant. After all, this was Scotland. I should have been in some pub pouring vinegar on my fish and chips or down at the corner cafe slaving away at a ploughman's lunch or shepherd's pie. But my inhibition was quickly dispelled by my insatiable desire to eat Mexican food. Upon opening the door I was immediately greeted by a Lone Star Beer sign nailed to the wall. All around me was decor true to the American West: plastic cacti, a photo of John Wayne, the Texas state flag, bathrooms labeled señor and señorita, and of course, the menus were resplendently decorated with desert landscape. I felt right at home.



SR art by Jeff Lee

I scanned the menu, scrutinizing while the reggae music in the background wailed "Do you remember the days of slavery?" I was truly in the eye of a cross-cultural hurricane. The menu kept screaming "Famous Avocado Dip," and "Mega-Hot Beef Burrito." There were a number of combinations available centered on those two items. I glanced over at the next table where two thick-legged Scottish women were in the throws of ecstasy over their meal. I leaned over and asked them what they were having. "Mega-Hot Beef Burrito," they replied in unison. I gave in and ordered the burrito, and figured since I'd probably never eat there again, that I might as well go for the chips and salsa and avocado dip as well. I was curious about the Lone Star Beer but the waitress said the sign was just

I had tried to transcend the barrier of intercultural cuisine here in Edinburgh, and I was now dealing with the consequences: a gutfull of Mega-Hot shepherds pie burrito

a prop and she offered me a pint of Guinness instead. I told her I would lose my liver's virginity with a Lone Star in Edinburgh or I would drink nothing at all. I calmed her troubled look by telling her that water would be fine.

I was now ready for that oft-practiced pre-mexican dinner ritual of drinking ice water and devouring chips and salsa. I got a frown from the waitress when I asked for ice, and then, what should be placed before me as an appetizer instead of my accustomed lightly-salted, wafer-thin tortilla chip: popcorn. Popcorn lightly flavored with chili powder (the kind your mother has in her spice cupboard). The popcorn wasn't even hot. It was cold and dead—like the kind you put on thread to adorn your Christmas tree. I bit my lip to keep from laughing. Were these people kidding? Was this some kind of trick Scottish people played on unsuspecting American tourists? I looked around to see if anyone else was in on the joke, but all I saw were empty popcorn baskets.

I tried one. It tasted like something your sister would have made for you when she played house. But I was brave, and the

ensuing process was actually quite habitual: eat some popcorn, wipe the chili powder off your tongue, drink some warm water. Now the cross-cultural hurricane was beginning to pick me up and whirl me around like a ragdoll. Twenty impatient minutes later, when my burrito arrived, I was embarrassed to see that I had eaten the entire bowl of chili-powder popcorn. I hoped that none of my traveling partners would come in and see me in my fallen state.

What lay before me now was even more intriguing. Ten tortilla chips. Just ten. There were also celery strips and some cucumber slices and what was probably rutabaga. The salsa was not salsa, it was taco sauce. Any good "American" Mexican food lover knows the difference: salsa goes on everything and taco sauce remains on your grocer's shelf where it belongs. Nobody eats taco sauce.

I attacked my burrito in hopes of finding something familiar, something friendly. The beef seemed like beef, and the tortilla shell was made of real flour, but how the corn, green beans, and carrots got in my burrito I'll never know. This concoction, this steaming heap of integrated vegetable garden was a shepherd's pie masquerading as a burrito. The menu should have read, "Mega-Hot Pseudo Burrito." There was enough corn on my plate to feed a fat Suffolk sow. The green beans were another problem. I wouldn't have minded them as a side dish with a nice pat of butter, but to intentionally mix them in a burrito under the guise of being "authentic" was just too much for me. What I was eating was the same old bland, boring British Isles food I had hoped to, even for a few delightful moments, get away from.

I didn't know what to do. I was still very hungry and I couldn't afford to go anywhere else. I felt trapped. Surely the Scots had some kind of medieval penance for not finishing your burrito, like bloodletting or the stockade or yes, possibly even a nice execution. The Mexican-food Gods, to whom I had so many times previous offered up my financial sacrifice in hopes of completely gorging myself to the point of listlessness, were not smiling upon me today. Perhaps I had betrayed myself by trying to carry my cultural assimilation one

step too far. If I had been in Taos or Phoenix or San Diego or any other American/Mexican food city, then by all means ordering authentic Mexican food would have been in keeping with the local color and custom. But I had tried to transcend the barrier of intercultural cuisine here in Edinburgh, and I was now dealing with the consequences: a gutfull of Mega-Hot shepherds pie burrito.

I ate the whole thing. There would be no need for a styrofoam container—there would be no midnight snack. I wanted no remembrance. I had agonized through the entire event, until my plate was clean.

Absent was that satiated full-stomach feeling that comes after eating really good Mexican food. Once again I had simply filled the void. I paid my bill of 5 pounds 20 pence and went out the door. I moved slowly down the street, melancholy in the spring night strong with the smell of fish and chips and the eerie sound of a Scottish bagpipe. I made my way to the nearest newsstand in search of a candy bar.

Why I Don't Watch T.V.

by David Sume

I don't watch television anymore. I used to, I used to watch too much. I remember *Star Trek*, I remember *The Wild Wild West*, *The Outer Limits* and *Gilligan's Island*. Why, you might ask. Why don't you watch television anymore?

You might think it's because I've become an elitist, scornful of commercial television which panders to the lowest common denominator. Paul Fussell, in his book *Class*, talks about two extremes of television watching. He observes that upwardly-striving people often watch PBS, seeking to improve themselves. They reject the mediocrity of commercial programming. But then his idealized "X class" of neo-Bohemian renaissance people reject concern for appearances and neat doses of self-improvement. These sophisticates watch reruns of *The Honeymooners* and *I Love Lucy*. Well, I don't think that's it. I've never been accused of being a yuppie or a renaissance person.

So why no television? Because I don't want to waste time? Partly maybe, but that's still not it. It is true that there is probably at least one program each night that most people could stand watching. Then once the television is on, it's easy to keep watching, your brain in neutral.

Or maybe this has something to do with the difference between being a spectator and a participant. Life must be somewhat vicarious for serious television watchers. Soap operas and sit-coms, talk and game shows. Larger screens, stereo sound, cable networks and satellite dishes for more channels.

"This is not real" you might want to remind some people. This is not life. You've heard the old Coke commercials: try the real thing. Or if you're not impressed with reality, at least have some input, make a contribution to your alternative. Write, paint, whatever.

Maybe it's spite. I bit the hook, I got involved. I watched *MASH* religiously. Even when Hawkeye traded his lechery for nobility. It lasted quite a while, but then they quit. Cut off. After I watched that long final episode, I stopped. The reruns were still on, but it wasn't the same. It was over.

Then I started watching *Hill Street Blues*. I loved the combination of grittiness and loopiness. How could I ever forget Captain Freedom, gunned down when his batteries went dead, bequeathing his magic gloves to Mick Belcker. "It's all in the

gloves," was his dying whisper. Hanging onto your fantasy on your way out is commitment.

Did Captain Freedom die in vain? What about his gloves? I don't know, but *Hill Street Blues* ended. I watched the final episode, and that was it.

My final commitment was to *St. Elsewhere*. Similar to *Hill Street Blues*, with a mixture of realism and wild fantasy, I watched almost every week. I could justify watching a single program each week, and that was it. I vaguely remember the Birdman flying off the top of the hospital. More of a terminal glide, but he showed up again in a dream sequence. I remember the rapes, the few murders, the deaths, all the other complications. Cantankerous Mrs. Hufnagel died, but she left us with her advice: "It's better to be despised than forgotten." Probably true, Mrs. H, wherever you are.

We knew we were getting to the end when the principals started to go. Wendy killed herself. Elliott, seriously ill, got delirious, and earnest doctor to the last, tried to save someone who wasn't there, pulled out his tubes and died. If endings are inevitable, that was a good way to go, Elliott.

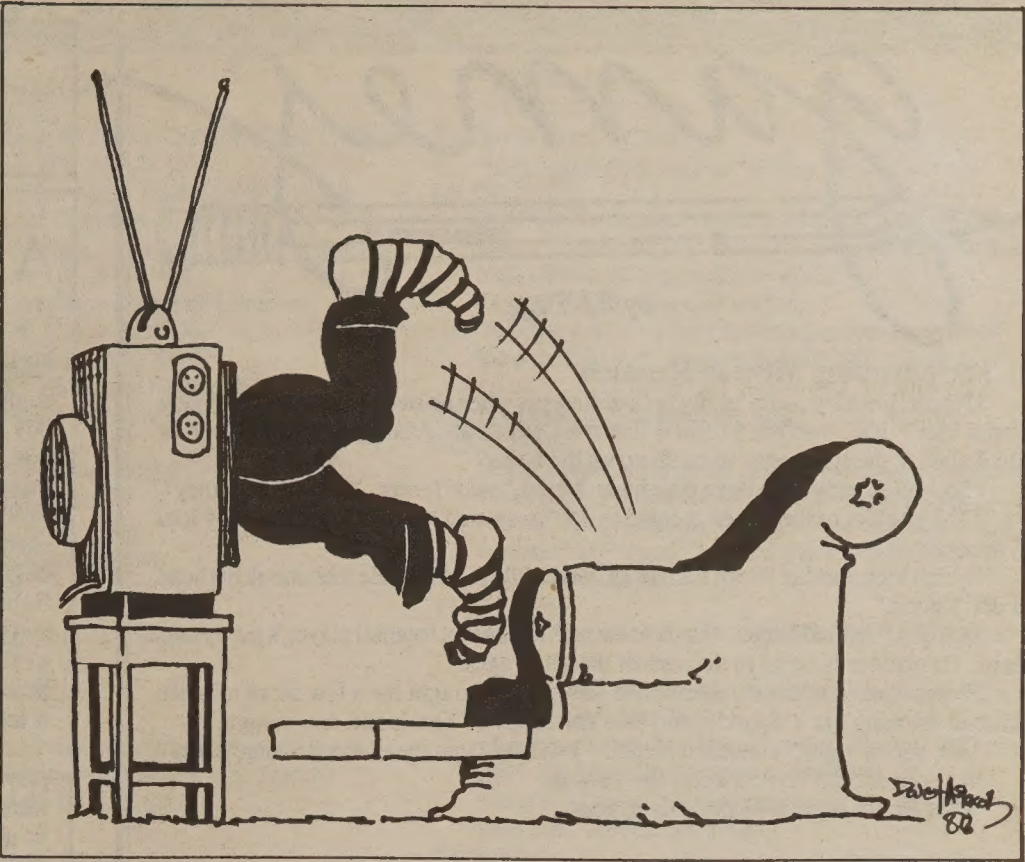
Mark Craig, fussy and imperious, lost his estranged son in a car accident, then his wife in a divorce. A lot of people probably thought he deserved that and more. He was obnoxious, guaranteed immortality by Mrs. Hufnagel's formula. I don't know that his personality changed, that he'd be easier to be around, but maybe he redeemed himself when he moved to Cleveland to be with his ex-wife.

Finally Daniel Auschlander, dying of liver cancer the entire run of the series, succumbed at last. Like a captain going down with his ship, but then St. Eligius was saved after he was gone. Daniel, you fighter, you duked it out, you went your rounds. I would like to be as brave.

In the end, it was all a dream. The dream of an autistic child.

Maybe that's why I don't watch television any more. Not because it's mostly mediocre, not because I'm too busy, not because I'm too committed to reality, but because I get too involved emotionally. I've even learned things, maybe become a better person, or at least thought about it because of the best things I've watched. But I just can't deal with endings, with cancellations.

So people rant and rave, about this program, about that program. Sometimes I be-



SR art by Doug Fakkell

lieve them. I imagine I would enjoy *Hooperman* and *Thirty Something* and *L.A. Law*. But I don't dare start. I'd just get hooked, and then they'd get cancelled. A person can only deal with so much devastation. I've gotten it in the chin three times now, and I don't know if I could survive it again. That is why I don't watch television. I'm just not strong enough.

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Blood Test

I did it on my own, on lunch break. No one asked me to; I just asked the nurse *when* and *where*, *how much* and hung up. The pastrami on rye Sheila made me was still cold, the yellow paper sack reusable. I didn't care about eating slow, enjoying every bite alone. It is death that makes the first bite good as the last. I wanted more than anything else to see the woman or man in sterile white take the history out of me with a needle, the blood that makes people talk. I wanted the metal stuck in my veins, my life spilling down the vial like wedding blood.

— Timothy Liu

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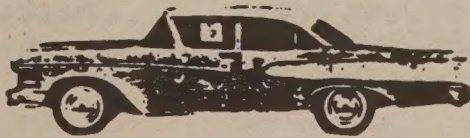
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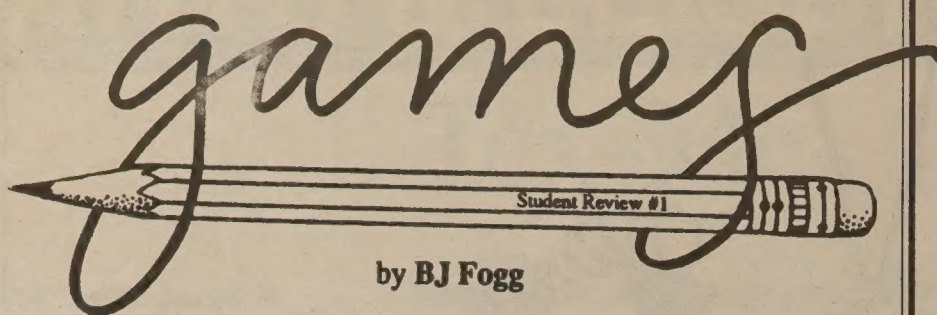
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by BJ Fogg

1. Mindbending Mission Reunion

Hyrum Hinckley could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his old mission buddy, Nephi McConkie, snarfing a combo II at the Cougar eat. After giving each other the ritual abrazo, the two began to catch up on the news:

"So, you already have three daughters, Nephi," said Hyrum. "How old are they?"

"The product of their ages is equal to 36," answered Nephi with a far-away look in his eyes.

Hyrum took another bite of his Navajo taco while thinking. He then shook his head. "I don't get it."

"Alright," replied Nephi. "Look at the number on that football player's jersey over there. Its number is equal to the sum of the girls' ages."

Hyrum looked at the number on the jersey. He thought for a few more minutes, finished drinking his Y Sparkle, and then announced, "That's still not enough."

"Ah, you're right," conceded Nephi. "I will add that the oldest has blue eyes."

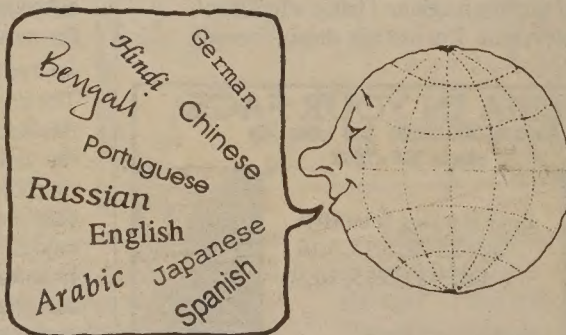
In a split second Hyrum knew the answer.

What are the ages of Nephi's daughters?

2. When Earth Talks, Do You Listen?

The top ten native languages in the world are listed below. Can you put them in order, listing the most widely used native language at the top and the tenth mostly widely used at the bottom? The diagram will help you. The figures in parenthesis indicate the number of native (first language) speakers in millions. Check your answers below (Give yourself credit for all those in the right order).

1. _____ (1,000)
2. _____ (350)
3. _____ (250)
4. _____ (200)
5. _____ (150)
6. _____ (150)
7. _____ (150)
8. _____ (135)
9. _____ (120)
10. _____ (100)



World Awareness Rating

10-8 in right order: superior

6-7 in right order: good

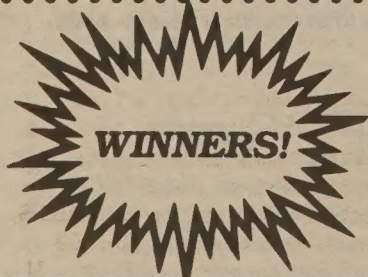
4-5 in right order: average

0-3 in right order: tisk, tisk

3. Football Predictions

Student Review announces its Football Score Prediction Contest. Write your prediction, name, and phone number on a piece of paper and drop it off at JKHB 1102 in the Student Review dropbox, or sent it to us in the mail (P.O. Box 7902, Provo, 84602). Winners will receive \$5 gift certificates to Deseret Industries in Provo.

Upcoming game: BYU vs. Utah State on Sept. 30



Grant Hardester, Kristine Larson, and Tucker Johnson predicted scores closest to the actual BYU vs. Texas scores. Each winner is now the proud owner of two tickets to Cinema in Your Face.

NOTE: Student Review is looking for a Games Editor—no financial remuneration, but a lot of good fun and great friends. Call 374-5367 to apply.

ANSWERS

1. The first clue given to Hyrum was not enough since the combinations of the three numbers whose product equals 36 could be 36x1x1; 12x3x1; 18x2x1; 9x4x1; 6x6x1; 9x2x2; 6x3x3. Each of these answers could have been correct. The second clue from the jersey gave Hyrum the following possible combinations: 36+1+1=38; 18+2+1=21; 12+3+1=16; 9+4+1=14; 6+6+1=13; 9+2+2=13; 6+3+3=10. If Hyrum cannot answer correctly at this point, it means there is more than one solution. From the summations, 13 (6,6,1) and 9,2,2 is the only one that occurs more than once. The third clue—the oldest has blue eyes—eliminates the 6,6,1 possibility; hence, the ages must be 9,2, and 2.

2. 1. Chinese; 2. English; 3. Spanish; 4. Hindi; 5. Bengali; 6. Arabic; 7. Russian; 8. Portuguese; 9. Japanese; 10. German.

Review's Reviews

A Summer Story ★★

Whether autumn, winter or spring, "Summer Story" is the same old story. In the summer of 1921, two people fell in love. The boy was a handsome law student from London, the girl, an illiterate but pretty farm girl. From two different worlds they struggle to find a place for their love surrounded by disapproving family and friends. They become desperate and plan a secret elopement. Unfortunately our young hero misses his train and thus our country girl heads to the big city to find him. With a disappointing, not so heroic Romeo and Juliet ending, the audience is left wallowing in sentimentality.

With the exception of the girl, Meagan, played by Imogen Stubbs, the performances were average. She has an intriguing, simplistic quality about her and is without doubt the most believable and likeable character.

Set in the English countryside, the cinematography was simple but enchanting, thanks to the director of photography Kenneth MacMillen. George Delerue's musical score beautifully enhanced the rolling hills, lush streams, and captured the cozy country atmosphere. Unfortunately it did not and could not help the slow pace of the film or the shallow script. The plot didn't develop the characters to the point where you begin to relate and care for them. Instead of using the characters, the film was forced to use tragic situations to evoke emotions.

The story was predictable from the start. A tragic story based on a cliché love relationship with no new twist to really make it interesting. With no message above or beyond "don't fall in love or you'll get hurt...", best leave "Summer Story" to sentimental fools.

—Keiri Merrill

Moon Over Parador

★★★

I saw the preview for "Moon Over Parador" twice before seeing the film. Watching the movie made me feel like I was going to a surprise party in my honor after being told about it. Richard Dreyfuss stars as a respected but relatively unknown actor working on a film in Parador, a fictitious little Latin American country that's a perfect tourist magnet with all the beauty and debauchery of a Brazilian carnival. He happens to look like the country's dictator, and he also imitates him well. When Parador's dictator dies unexpectedly, his underhanded Chief of Staff (Raul Julia) kidnaps Dreyfuss and forces him to play the role of dictator just to keep things running smoothly. Of course, he fools almost everyone, even when he starts doing silly things like conducting aerobic workouts on television and quoting musicals in his speeches.

That much I already knew from the previews. Unfortunately, the rest of the movie is flavorless filler. Even the quick "surprise" ending is no surprise. You see, the movie starts with Dreyfuss telling the story after the

fact to his actor friends in New York. Therefore we can pretty well guess he isn't killed in Parador, can't we?

In all, it's a movie about a person who makes movies, and it is not very interesting at that. It may have worked if the characters were more charming, but a lead actor playing a lead actor isn't left with a lot of dimension to play with. Those viewers familiar with real-life Latin America will grumble at this shallow caricature of a third world country where all citizens are too dumb to stop partying and see what's happening around them. This movie wants to be liked, and I wanted to like it, but it smells of old bologna that sits at the back of the refrigerator. I could find a better feast.

—Greg W. Anderson

A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part IV: The Dreammaster ★★

You shouldn't have buried him, he wasn't dead. Much to the delight of his frothing fans, Freddy Krueger, "the bastard son of 100 madmen," and his glove-o-killer cutlery are back in town, and if you know Freddy like I know Freddy—teens will die.

The fourth installment in the Freddy chronicles (not to be confused with "Mr. Krueger's Christmas") picks up where part III left off. Kristin, Joey and Kincaid have vanquished the boomerang ghoul but thanks to a dog that urinates fire (I'm not kidding), he reassembles his bones, inflates his organs, puts on all the skin he can find, and returns to life wearing that same striped shirt and porkpie hat (Is this an obscure Gilligan parallel?). After taking care of his revenge on the Elm Street brats, Freddy turns to fresh adolescent meat and the carnage goes on and on and on.

Director Renny Harlin has preserved the endearing grotesque humor that's sold tickets in the past, adding to it some genuinely fascinating cinematography. Time and time again he selects the unique shot when a standard would have sufficed. "Elm Street" strikes out in screenplay, where it suffers from being terminally sequel. With the beginning three movies ago and the end nowhere in sight, "Elm St. IV" is just a big slice of middle, creamy filling without the golden sponge cake.

With underdeveloped hints at anti-adult rage and mythology ("The Dreammaster"), the film breaks down into a series of "Love American Style" vignettes, each beginning with a Don Rickles one-liner by Freddy and ending with a bizarre murder. Although most of it is just lighthearted Freddy fun, there are four or five really sick scenes that cross the line of depravity. For instance, Freddy says to a cute little victim, "Wanna suck face?" and then proceeds to literally suck her face and body up like a paper bag. If you happen to procrastinate and miss "Elm Street IV," don't fret. This might be going out on a limb, but I have this feeling that Freddy will be back.

—Scott Seibers

THE CALENDAR

Wednesday, September 21

LECTURE:
Honor's Module: Steven C. Bule on Italian Renaissance Painting and Sculpture, 211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

THEATRE & DANCE:
"See How They Run," (comedy) Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257
"World of Dance," de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$3.00 w/ I.D., 378-7444
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Ballet West at Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 S. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Student tickets: \$4.00 w/ I.D., 533-5555
"Anything Goes," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 581-6961

FILM:
Varsity:
"Three Men and a Baby," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema:
250 SWKT
lecture 3:15 p.m.
"Walden," 3:45 p.m.
"Billy Budd," 4:05 p.m.
"Manon of the Spring," 6:20 & 8:40 p.m.

Thursday, September 22

LECTURE:
Honor's Module: Michael Call on Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* and French Realism, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

THEATRE & DANCE:
"See How They Run," (comedy) Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257
"Sally Loved Me," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$4.00, 378-7447
"World of Dance," de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$3.00 w/ I.D., 378-7444
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Ballet West at Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 S. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Student tickets: \$4.00 with I.D. 533-5555
"Six Women With Brain Death (or Expiring Minds want to Know)," Center Stage Theatre, 3350 Highland Dr. SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9801
"Anything Goes," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 581-6961

FILM:
Varsity:
"Three Men and a Baby," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema:
250 SWKT
"Manon of the Spring," 3:15 & 8:10 p.m.
"Walden," 5:35 p.m.
"Billy Budd," 5:55 p.m.

Friday, September 23

THEATRE & DANCE:
"See How They Run," (comedy) Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257
"Sally Loved Me," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$4.00, 378-7447
"World of Dance," de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$3.00 w/ I.D., 378-7444
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Ballet West at Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 S. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Student tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 533-5555
"I Remember Mama," Heritage Theatre, 2505 S. Highway 89, Perry, student tickets: \$4.00 723-8392
"Anything Goes," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 581-6961

FILM:
Varsity:
"The Glass Menagerie," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
"American Dreamer," 11:30 p.m.
Varsity II:
"The Princess Bride," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.
International Cinema:
"Walden," 3:15 & 7:10 p.m.
"Billy Budd," 3:35 & 7:30 p.m.
"Manon of the Spring," 5:50 & 9:45 p.m.

MUSIC:
Opera West: Debbie Mitchell & Gordon Jephtas, soloists, with Utah Valley Choral Society. Provo Tabernacle, 8:00 p.m. Student tickets \$3.00, 377-4614
Utah Symphony Chamber Orchestra: Hummel, Haydn, and Schubert, Radisson Hotel, Ogden, 8:00 p.m. Info: 399-9214
Temple Square Concert Series:
Deseret String Quartet, Assembly Hall, SLC, 7:30 p.m. Free of charge! Info: 531-3318

Saturday, September 24

THEATRE & DANCE:
"Sally Loved Me," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$4.00 w/ I.D., 378-7447
"See How They Run," (comedy) Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257
"World of Dance," de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$3.00 w/ I.D., 378-7444
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Ballet West at Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 S. SLC, 2:00 & 7:30 p.m. Student tickets: \$4.00 w/ I.D. 533-5555
"I Remember Mama," Heritage Theatre, 2505 S. Highway 89, Perry, student tickets: \$4.00 723-8392
"Anything Goes," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 581-6961

FILM:
Varsity & Varsity II: Same as above.
International Cinema:
250 SWKT
"Manon of the Spring," 2:00 & 6:55 p.m.
"Walden," 4:20 & 9:15 p.m.
"Billy Budd," 4:40 & 9:35 p.m.

MUSIC:
Utah Symphony Chamber Orchestra: Hummel, Haydn, and Schubert, Symphony Hall, 123 W. So. Temple, SLC, student tickets: \$4.00, 533-6407

Sunday, September 25

FIRESIDE:
17 Stake Fireside, Marriot Center
SIDEFIRE:
On Being Human: The Folklore of Mormon Missionaries, by William A. Wilson, Chairman, BYU English Department, 9:00 p.m. 321 MSRB

Monday, September 26

THEATRE & DANCE:
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Ballet West at Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 S. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Student tickets: \$4.00 w/ I.D., 533-5555
"See How They Run," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 So. Main, SLC, Tickets: 484-9257
"I Remember Mama," Heritage Theatre, 2505 S. Highway 89, Perry, student tickets: \$4.00 723-8392
"Anything Goes," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 581-6961

FILM:
Varsity & Varsity II:
Same as above.

Tuesday, September 27

Honor's Module: Harold E. Rosen on Cervante's *Don Quixote*, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
THEATRE:
"Sally Loved Me," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., student tickets: \$4.00, 378-7447
Greek Classic Festival: U of U Theatre dept. presents Euripides' "The Trojan Women," 8:00 p.m., Nelke Experimental Theatre. Lecture 7:00 p.m.
"Anything Goes," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 581-6961

FILM:
Varsity:
"A Room With A View," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema:
"My English Grandfather," 3:15 & 9:30 p.m.
"Iphigenia," 4:50 p.m.
"Dark Eyes," 7:15 p.m.

Wednesday, September 28

LECTURE:
Honor's Module: Steven C. Bule on Italian Renaissance Painting and Sculpture, 211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
THEATRE:
"Sally Loved Me," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447
"See How They Run," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 So. Main, SLC, Tickets: 484-9257
"Anything Goes," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 581-6961

FILM:
Varsity:
"A Room With A View," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema:

Lecture 3:15 p.m.
"Iphigenia," 3:45 p.m.
"Dark Eyes," 6:10 p.m.
"My English Grandfather," 8:25 p.m.

MUSIC:
BYU Choral Showcase: BYU Singers, Concert Choir, Men's Chorus and Women's Chorus, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. \$2.00 w/I.D.
Temple Square Concert Series:
"A Legacy of Love," a multi-media musical readers' theatre, 7:30 p.m., Assembly Hall, SLC. Free!

Thursday, September 28

LECTURE:
Honor's Module: Michael Call on Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* and French Realism, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
Family Living Lecture, "Myths of the American Family: A Historical Perspective," Dr. Mary Stovall, ELWC Ballroom, 7:30 p.m.

THEATRE:
"Ah, Wilderness!" Pardoe Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447.
"Sally Loved Me," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447
"See How They Run," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 So. Main, SLC, Tickets: 484-9257
"Anything Goes," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 581-6961

FILMS:
Varsity:
"A Room With A View," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema:
"Dark Eyes," 3:15 p.m.
"My English Grandfather," 5:30 & 9:30 p.m.
"Iphigenia," 7:05 p.m.

MUSIC:
Cellist Allison Eldredge, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444

Friday, September 30

THEATRE:
"Ah, Wilderness!" Pardoe Theatre, HFAC, 7:30m p.m. Tickets: 378-7447.
"Sally Loved Me," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447
"See How They Run," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 So. Main, SLC, Tickets: 484-9257
"I Remember Mama," Heritage Theatre, 2505 S. Highway 89, Perry, student tickets: \$4.00 723-8392
"Anything Goes," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 581-6961

FILMS:
Varsity:
"Batteries Not Included," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Late Night Flick:
"The Blues Brothers," 11:30 p.m.
International Cinema:
"Iphnigenia," 3:15 & 9:30 p.m.
"Dark Eyes," 5:40 p.m.
"My English Grandfather," 7:55 p.m.

MUSIC:
Utah Symphony: Berlioz, Sibelius, and Rachmaninoff, Symphony Hall, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 533-6407.
Temple Square Concert Series:
Yoshie Eldredge, piano, and Allison Eldredge, cello, 7:30 p.m., Assembly Hall, SLC. Free!

Saturday, October 1

THEATRE:
"See How They Run," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 So. Main, SLC, Tickets: 484-9257
"I Remember Mama," Heritage Theatre, 2505 S. Highway 89, Perry, tickets: \$4.00, 723-8392
"Anything Goes," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 581-6961

FILMS:
Varsity & Varsity II:
Same as above.
International Cinema:
"Dark Eyes," 3:00 & 9:15 p.m.
"My English G'Father," 5:15 p.m.
"Iphigenia," 6:50 p.m.

MUSIC:
Utah Symphony: Berlioz, Sibelius, and Rachmaninoff, Symphony Hall, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 533-6407

Scholar Dismissed from front page

to the Restored Gospel; our students must know where we stand on the most important issues of life, and our colleagues must feel our love and support for the Church that gives us our unique BYU opportunity.

Paul Richards, director of BYU Public Communications, describes Wright as an "excellent teacher and scholar," but says that he doesn't meet the University's vision of citizenship. Wright's offending views are well represented in "Historicity and Faith: A Personal View of the Meaning of Scripture." In this paper, a required reading in one of his classes, he explores

how one can maintain faith in the scriptures and the prophets that produced them as one begins to understand that the historical nature of our scriptures is not necessarily that which they and tradition claim for them...

One of the main questions coming to mind when finding out parts of the scripture are not historical is how can such literature be of any spiritual and religious value. Can unhistorical scripture lead one to righteousness? For example, if the story of Abraham's near sacrifice of Isaac did not happen more or less like Genesis 22 says it did—and many Old Testament scholars would say we cannot trust this and other patriarchal stories as being historically accurate—can it inculcate in us the virtue of sacrifice? The answer to such a query is an emphatic yes. Fully realizing the historical nature of the scripture does not necessarily lead to a lessening of faith or righteousness; in fact it can lead to a stronger spiritual life...The message of scripture is not necessarily dependent upon its historical accuracy or verity.

While University officials worry that Wright's teaching methods do not offer students a faith-promoting atmosphere, Wright, and many of his students disagree.

The difference of opinion here seems to stem from differing views of the historical traditions of religion. Ballif sees Wright's stance on Mormonism's historical traditions and on biblical prophecy as eliminating or lessening the importance of revelation and says "You can't take revelation out of the examination of our history, because revelation was so much a part of the origin of the Church."

Paul Richards says that Wright, in suggesting that Joseph Smith did not translate the Book of Mormon from ancient plates "calls Joseph Smith a phony, and if that's the case, then so was every prophet after him, and so today, we end up without a prophet at the head of this church." Wright, on the other hand, responds that he does believe Joseph Smith was a prophet inspired by God.

Wright's view of false historical traditions is explained in his paper "Historicity and Faith." In it, he suggests that there are three ways of dealing with new information that contradicts religious tradition.

One reaction a person may have to dissonant information is to reject it completely or to down play it as being insignificant. The received tradition or understanding is thought to be the standard against which any new information is judged legitimate. If the new information does not accord, it is not "true" or significant. One reacting thus sees scholarship and other intellectual creativity and exploration as a threat. The difficulty with this view is that it shuts one up to what the past has said and does not allow for discovery of truth. It in a way denies the Mormon concept of continuing revelation. This perspective is highly pessimistic since it implies that man cannot investigate things historically (or otherwise) and come to proper conclusions...

If this response is thought of as narrow minded and even arrogant, the response at the other extreme—rejecting the Church, its tradition (which includes the scriptures) and even God—is equally narrow minded and arrogant...This response fallaciously generalizes that if there are difficulties with some aspects of Mormon tradition that all of it must be valueless or in error, that it is uninspired, and God is not behind it. This response has one advantage over the previous one: dissonant information is no longer a haunting challenge. But it is an escape from intellectual honesty and can result in spiritual despair and pessimism...

A third response, and in my view the proper one, is to, after analyzing new data and ideas and finding them to be correct, rethink the traditional explanation in faith. That is, with the understanding that the Latter-day Saint religion and experience is of God, asking how God's hand is to be seen in this new perception of history. In this way, tradition is reconsidered and improved upon, new understanding is reached, but faith in main metaphysical principles—that God lives, that Jesus is Christ, that Joseph Smith was a prophet, and the the standard works are scriptural—is preserved. This reaction allows for a scholar to work rather fully with the methods of scholarship and accept its results while at the same time accepting and promoting dimensions of faith.

The main reason for Wright's dismissal concerns his views of the historicity of the Book of Mormon. However, he claims he has never taught these beliefs in class. Furthermore, nobody has accused him of doing so. Because of the classes he teaches (Near Eastern Languages 521, History of Biblical Interpretation; Hebrew 531, Advanced Biblical Texts; Hebrew 531, Temple Scroll; Hebrew 511, Talmud; etc.), he necessarily discusses his controversial historical-critical method of looking at scripture, and less frequently, his view of biblical prophecy.

A former student of Wright's, Clarissa Cole, wrote in a letter to the *Provo Herald* on August 15,

I have taken more classes from him [Wright] than any student currently in the Near Eastern Studies program." She continues, "In the course of any class, some theories must be presented which may disagree with LDS doctrine. At such occasions, Dr. Wright has made sure that the church's accepted views were also presented. He has never tried to force divergent views on his students... I feared that my testimony would be weakened by the theories which I knew I must face in my field of study. However, my testimony has actually been strengthened. Thanks to Dr. Wright, I can now face any scholar and tell him what I believe and why and defend my position on a scholarly level.

Wright and Richards agree that he was not dismissed for his classroom practices, but for his personal beliefs. But Ballif explains that in a university setting, especially with the classes that Wright taught, a professor's religious beliefs can be discerned by students.

In the March, 1987 memorandum from Holland and Ballif to the faculty, the following instructions are given to review committee members when assessing faculty members for advancement:

Evaluate how well the faculty member contributes to the spirit and atmosphere of honesty, integrity, morality, and respect and concern for fellow human beings that should obtain here. In addition, for a faculty member who is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, evaluate his or her Christian influence on colleagues and students."

No one has claimed that David Wright does not contribute to "spirit and atmosphere of honesty, integrity, morality, and respect and concern for fellow human beings." Rumors have circulated campus, suggesting the "real" reason Wright was dismissed had to do with breaking promises made to university officials, that he had sought to destroy the testimony of students, or that he had committed some other undisclosed infraction. Jae Ballif, Paul Richards, Todd Britsch, and David Wright all dismiss the rumors as unfounded and untrue.

The "real" reason for the dismissal lies in the university's perception of his "Christian influence on colleagues and students." This influence is difficult to define and harder to measure. And, instead of accusing Wright of not having a Christian influence, university officials would probably say that he doesn't influence his colleagues and students in a traditional Mormon manner. Ballif said the Wright case presented the hardest situation imaginable to judge. He also said that the Board of Trustees played no part in Wright's dismissal—that the decision was made solely at the university level.

One accurate measure of Wright's influence on the students might be the teacher evaluations students fill out. In Wright's classes from Fall of 1986 to Winter of 1987, 72 students added comments to their evaluations sheets. Of the 72, 10 comments were negative. All of these are listed below.

Religion 302 (Old Testament):

- He needs to teach LDS doctrine!
- Class has a lack of spiritual importance.

Religion 302 (Old Testament):

- Cut out reading. I don't learn anything that I can see that will help me understand the Lord's word from scholar's disputes about authorship. Who cares? I just want to learn what our leaders teach about gospel subjects.

- A secular approach to religion has only moderate advantages, if taught without faith.

- I believe that he has somewhat of a problem accepting revelation as viable source of scripture.

Hebrew 301 (Intermediate Modern Hebrew):

- Need more variety. No more Disney World articles

Hebrew 531 (Advanced Biblical Texts):

- Dr. Wright is very competent. I only wish he would bring in more LDS gospel theology. Very hard grader.

- The course was good. First hard look into biblical scholarship. I would like to see the class somewhat desecularized. Seems like scholarship seems to cloud a lot of issues...I think the class was fairly good. All aspects of issues seemed to be addressed. Like to see more issues addressed from LDS perspective.

- Like to see more issues addressed from LDS perspective.

Six of the 62 positive comments are listed below:

Hebrew 201 (Intermediate Modern Hebrew):

- Please make Wright the head of the Department! His method and student relations are exceptional.

Religion 302 (Old Testament):

- I like the class much better than any other religion classes I've had. I get a much broader, scholarly view, not just the teacher's testimony and personal beliefs.

- I have enjoyed learning more about the Old Testament rather than just "Gospel Doctrine." Teacher's knowledge and enthusiasm is very inspiring.

Near Eastern Languages 521 (History of Biblical Interpretation):

- I think this course was very valuable to my understanding of the Bible. LDS could benefit from examining such issues in a general way. I think Dr. Wright is very good and should be allowed to continue as a prof. here regardless of all the rumors.

- Dr. Wright is one of the best and most inspiring professors at BYU. It has been my pleasure to have him teach me insights into the Jewish culture and his insights into the interpretation of history.

Hebrew 531 (Advanced Hebrew Mishnah):

- Out of all my instructors here, Dr. Wright has been the most helpfully critical of my work and my research technique. It is rare to find a professor so willing to work with and desire that students understand the material and go beyond into other areas. It is because of Dr. Wright and a few like him that I have chosen the field of study that I have. We need more sincerely interested professors at BYU.

David Wright's dismissal has worried some BYU professors. One history professor says, "A significant number of faculty in this department hold views similar to Wright's. People are afraid to say what they really think. I have to eat, I have children to feed, and jobs are hard to find. So, I'm careful.

"You have to develop a kind of political sense about what you can and can't say. Something like this doesn't have to happen to everyone to change the climate."

A science professor says that "I would be disappointed if at least 75% of the faculty in my college didn't hold views at least as unorthodox as David Wright's."

Not all BYU faculty share these sentiments. Professors in History, Science, and other campus departments have voiced support of the decision to dismiss Wright. At the same time, several professors from different colleges have asked their Faculty Advisory Council Representative to bring the matter up for discussion at the next FAC meeting.

Jae Ballif says that complaints about a lack of intellectual freedom at BYU are, for the most part, unfounded. He says BYU has greater intellectual freedom than many universities. Teachers here are able to discuss their secular specialty within a religious context—a rare event at some universities. And, he says, given the vast number of disciplines and subjects studied and researched at BYU, "the small percentage of disciplines where professors must walk lightly is hardly worth considering."

Wright says he doesn't believe that the university is out to "get" scholarship. Nor is he out to get the university or the church. He does think that BYU would be benefitted by change.

His dismissal, he says, is an example of the ongoing, ubiquitous, struggle between sincere scholarship and sincere faith. "What needs to be done," he says, "is for a church sponsored institution like BYU to discuss publicly, with dialogue among students and faculty, on a theoretical level the tensions between scholarship and religion. And discuss on a more specific level the issues that cause tension."

Discussion will likely continue on this and similar situations as to what BYU's role in education should be. Many, right or wrong, will see Wright's dismissal as a blow to academic freedom and intellectual expression. This view is characterized by a sign posted outside of David Wright's office door. It reads "It is better to have thought and lost, than never to have thought at all."

Another viewpoint, that of the current administration, is characterized by cautious, considered restraint in certain areas of religious thought. Jae Ballif explains that BYU is and should be different from other universities. He says, "To fulfill BYU's mission as a church school, we have to set standards, and we have to evaluate against the standards, as hard as it may be."

David Wright's superior abilities in two of the university's criterion for a good professor—teaching and scholarship—and his unorthodox excellence in the other—university citizenship, made the decision to dismiss him difficult for university officials. For those same reasons, some students and faculty members, as Wright leaves for another university, may find it difficult to understand the reasoning that sent him away.